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A SCHOOL AWAY FROM SCHOOL

Students majoring in science, like all other American students, have a wild yearning for culture, but, alas, when a student is after a degree in engineering or math or like that, he simply does not have time to take all the liberal arts courses his heart pines for.

And what is being done about this unhappy situation? I'll tell you what: Enlightened corporations everywhere are setting up on-the-job liberal arts programs for the newly employed science graduate—courses designed to broaden his cultural base—for the enlightened corporation realizes that the truly cultured employee is the truly valuable employee.

Take, for example, Lambswool Sigafoos.

A week after his graduation, Lambswool reported to Mr. Femur, the personnel director of an enlightened corporation engaged in the manufacture of cotter pins and wing nuts. "How do you do?" said Lambswool. "I'm Lambswool Sigafoos and I've come to work."

"Sit down," said Mr. Femur, chuckling kindly. "Have a Marlboro."

"Thank you," said Lambswool. "I like Marlboros. I like their filter and their flavor."

"Me too," said Mr. Femur, blinking humanely. "And I like their flip-top box. When my flip-top box of Marlboros is empty, I use it to keep fish hooks in."

"Know what I do when my flip-top box of Marlboros is empty?" asked Lambswool.

"What?" said Mr. Femur, sniggering graciously.

"I buy some more Marlboros," said Lambswool.

"A sound idea," said Mr. Femur, vibrating fetchingly. "But enough chit-chat. Come along to the campus."

"Campus?" said Lambswool, puzzled. "But I've come to work. Take me to my drawing board."

"This is an enlightened corporation," said Mr. Femur, yodelling viciously. "First you must get your cultural base broadened."

Mr. Femur took Lambswool to the training campus, which looked like any other campus. It had ivy-covered buildings, dormitories, fraternity and sorority houses, a stadium, a deer park, and a moat. Lambswool was given *a roommate, a beanie, and copies of the company hymn* and rouser, and the enlightened corporation proceeded to fill the gap in his culture.

The Corporation Proceeded to fill the Gap in his Culture

First he was taught to read, then to print capital letters, then capital and small letters. Then there was an attempt to teach him script, but it was ultimately abandoned.

From these fundamentals, Lambswool progressed slowly but steadily through the more complex disciplines. He was diligent, and the corporation was patient, and in the end they were rewarded, for when Lambswool finished, he could play a clavier, compose a triolet, parse a sentence, and identify the birthstone for every month of the year.

His lengthy schooling finally over, Lambswool was assigned to an important executive position where he served with immense distinction. . . . Not, however, for long, because one week later he reached retirement age.

Today, still spry, he lives in St. Petersburg, Florida, where he supplements his pension by parsing sentences for tourists.

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Here's a sentence that's easy to parse: Subject—you. Verb—get. Object—a lot to like in a Marlboro, whose makers bring you this column throughout the school year.

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